

Leak

Famous Dex

Ha, you know what I'm sayin'? (ChaseTheMoney, ChaseTheMoney, ooh)
ChaseTheMoney (ChaseTheMoney, ChaseTheMoney)
Wassup, Critch? (Weird vs Crazy, yuh, ha, what, yah, hah)
How we doin'? (This is an official DJ Shon mixtape release)
(Ohh man god damn, what?)

Bad bitch, suck on my dick, huh
I just pulled up wit' a stick, huh (It's the gang, homie)
Yeah, I'm sippin' on lean
I'm drinkin' that [?], I'm feelin' like Critch
Hey, fuck yo' lil' bitch every day
She better give me that face
Baby [?], she give me brain, [?]
I be gettin' money, you a dummy
Swear to god, I put dick right down her tummy
You niggas so bummy
I can't talk 'cause you dummy
Fiend, sippin' on all this lean
Ooh, the money on me
You can call me "Money machine," ha
Yeah, I got it
Run up on me with a rocket, swear he ain't got shit, huh
Yeah, I pop me a [?]
Got a big lil' bitch, swear to god she'll suck dick, huh, ooh, yuh
Baby girl, suck on that dick though
And I get mad, and I get mad
Gettin' money, givin' money, yeah, big doors, bitch

Bitch, you know what I'm sayin'?
I-I-I don't-
I don't even do all that talk shit, all that flex shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
Like I said, I got so much blue cheese (Huh, what?)
I'ma let this person talk their shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
Jay Critch, talk to 'em, ya dig

I walked in with a bad bitch, they don't want static
I made Givenchy my fabric
My diamonds flashin', givin' 'em static
You still have bands in the mattress
Look at the bag, how it's stackin'
Had my 30s pull up like, "What happened?"
Slime scorin', he play for the Magic
In the foreign, she said she needs chapstick
Boy, you ain't got money, it's tragic
Put the dick in her mouth, now she gaggin'
I woke up to some money, fantastic
Make it stretch like Fantastic 4
Pussy, what you rappin' for?
You a rookie, but I have to score
I'm too high, I almost crashed the Porsche
Butterfly, I had to catch the doors
That proolly went over your head
Shorty bad, had to hit her up for the head
I be runnin' up four pints for the med'
She goin', she tried to stay in my bed
But I'm kickin' her out, yeah, pronto

Ballin' like Harden, you ballin' like Lonzo
Smokin' that cookie and paper and Fronto
Nine to your back like a nigga named Rondo
'Cause I'm getting this green like its Boston, flossin'
He ain't sign't up? It's gon' cost him
I give my white girl the coke, she say, "Awesome"
If you ain't talkin' no money, you lost 'em
Hood fave, bitch, I'm all about dividends
That money comin' around like the ceiling fan
Someone need a boss and these niggas the miniman
He talkin' the money, let's get it then